

The Continent

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY ANDREW J. RHEY.

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Death of the Sailor Boy.

BY W. F. MERRICK.

From the Boston Journal.

The following lines were suggested by the death of a fair young boy, who was passionately fond of the sea, and wished to be buried there. He died on deck in our arms, looking with fond and eager gaze on his beloved sea. Poor Charley!

Oh! bury me not on the cold dreary shore,
Where the thoughtless and idle are dreaming;
Whose grovelling thoughts ne'er attempted to soar
To the light which above them is gleaming.

My spirit, which now 'mid the storm and the gloom
Is poised on the confines of Time,
Would ne'er brook the thralldom of earth and the tomb
To confine this free spirit of mine.

The sea! the wild sea! hear its seething and roar,
As the mountainous waves wash our prow,
It bears back the blood to my heart as before,
To hear his loud howling now.

Oh! carry me up!—let me look once again
On the ocean when lashed into foam,
Let me feel the rude winds, as they sweep o'er
The main,
Ere I embark for my heavenly home.

Oh, yes! this is joy! let the wind have its play,
Let it dash the cold spray in my face;
It revives the faint spirit that's winging its way
To the haven of heavenly peace.

Look! the huge billows, all crested with foam,
O'er which the wild albatross skin,
Strive with impious might to submerge the dark
clouds,
But are held in obedience by Him.

But they are fading away, the billows dissolve,
The sea-bird has gone to its nest,
Your faces grow dim and the heavens revolve,
I am nearer the haven of rest.

I see the bright faces of angels around,
Dimly seen through the mists of the sea,
One beautiful seraph holds forth a bright crown,
And lovingly beckons for me.

Yes—yes—I am com—but the spirit hath fled;
Winged its way to the land of the blest;
Where the heavenly hosts a bright radiance shed,
'Mid the purest, the brightest and best.

[FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.]

SERVICE WANDERINGS.

BY AN OFFICER OF ARTILLERY.

A Front View of Churubusco.

The victory—sudden, unique, complete—had exhilarated us like champagne; the morning sun, as he ascended to his meridian throne, warmed and dried us; the little shops which we found upon the high road, furnished bread and drink; and the Partisan-like shots from the rear-guard of the retreating army, seemed but an *improvisato feu-de-jolie* in honour of our success. An occasional halt, to rest, as Mexican speed, winged by fear, increased the distance between us, gave us opportunity to speculate upon what was in our front.

"I wonder," says one, "what we are going to do now?"

Did any one ever learn anything by wondering? "Oh," said I, very wisely, "we shall sleep in Mexico to-morrow night." All young soldiers are oracular.

"I would to God," said my Captain, "that it were over!" The presentiment was upon him—and in two hours, the event which had cast its shadow upon his spirit had transpired: he was a rigid corpse.

"Why, B—?" I exclaimed; "why do you wish it were over, so dolefully?—it is over: they are scared to death, and are on such a trot-out now, that they will run through Mexico without stopping to look behind."

"Heigh-ho!" and he heaved a deep sigh; it was a lament for his own impending fate.

One word about presentiments. I have tried not to believe in them; I have seen them falsified time and again; I have joined others in laughing them to scorn; I have known those who, like the celebrated Martin Scott, declared the bullet was not moulded that could kill them; I have seen, I say, such men shot, bayoneted, torn to pieces—and yet a few marked incidents work upon that superstition which lies deep-seated in some unfathomable compartment of the human soul—and I believe, in spite of reason, knowledge, education and desire; and I thank God that I never had a presentiment. In sickness and peril—in passive endurance and exciting turmoil—amid the crowd, or in solitary meditation—I have always felt sure that I should escape. Depression—the blues—every one has; but if I had ever despair'd, I should have needed no bullet to kill me—I believe I should have died a natural death.

Or was this sentiment incompatible with a sense of imminent danger. In the heat of action, among whizzing balls, I frequently expected a shot, and I schooled myself to care as little for it as possible. Ah! there was one place in which I was squammish about being hit: I always carried my large tin canteen in front, over my stomach. Arms, head, lungs, legs, all legitimate and honourable, as one might say—quite professional—but the stomach! Just think of it, reader; doesn't it make one shudder? With this Quixotic stomach-piece, then, as a collateral security, I always reverted to my hope, and it never failed; it shone like a star amid all perils, with ever-increasing lustre.

"Put your trust in heaven, and keep your powder dry." Excellent advice; but let me add another item—Curb your fancy; if it must flow, turn it into the channel of cheerfulness, or you will be depressed into presentiment—and then, heaven help you!

Through San Angel, the pursuit poured, being arrested in its course only to recruit our troops, or to exchange shots with the runaways. This little town is a summer retreat for the rich Mexicans; and as we passed through, we caught glimpses of bright eyes through latticed windows, and tanned cheeks through the golden apertures of its convent. Through Coyocacan, from the steeples of which the engineers were reconnoitering, we passed rapidly onward, to encounter men and scenes totally unknown.

"Halt!" Hark—a quick and increasing fire in front of our direction of march, was a new signal of action. Our brigade was in advance of the column. The Rifles, as light infantry, had scattered themselves forward as skirmishers over the fields flanking our march, and my regiment was the first heavy infantry of the vanguard. As soon as the firing was heard in our ranks, more than one voice shouted—"The Rifles are engaged, and will be cut to pieces!" and soon a staff officer, without drawing bridle, sung out his orders at the gallop—"Forward, the first artillery!" and, at a double quick, the men trailing arms, the First went forward to mingle in the fray.

And here let me interweave a word of explanation and criticism. This was a grievous error, and was most fatally atoned. Less than a mile before us, and five hundred yards apart, lay the convent and *tele-de-pont* of Churubusco—so named from the little river flowing in their rear, of which the latter is the guard. Now, Worth, after taking San Antonio, had proceeded by the direct road to the bridge-head, and it was his firing that we heard. The Rifles were not engaged; the First was upon desperate service, as we shall see.

We were rapidly lessening the intervening space which separated us from the convent, when once more a loud cry arose—"Make way for the battery!" and the rumbling of twenty and the clatter of hoofs told that the "light bobs" were coming. We cleared the road, and scattering the clayey mud far and wide, Taylor came down at the full jump.

A battery of light artillery coming into action is a splendid sight; it makes the blood tingle in the cheeks, and the eye kindle with enthusiasm. Then the drill is tested; then your "left abouts" and "countermarches," "wheels" and "reverses," come into play—under creditable circumstances! then your horses are lions on the spring, and your men tigers at the reins; then your smooth and bright little "sixes" below, and quiver, and recoil, and deal death with a venom and a celerity in special contrast to their mechanical repose upon the trim *terre plain* of some peaceful holiday fort.

Such were the thoughts suggested, lightning-like, by Taylor's compact, swift and graceful movement into battery. He did not come off so well, however; "two officers and twenty men wounded, and fifteen horses crippled," left the guns short-handed, and the mud of the field in which they were, at each recoil closed around the wheels with such tenacity, that it was with wonderful exertion the pieces were removed. *Main, reventons.*

We set forward again at the run, as soon as Taylor had passed, and in ten minutes we were being handsomely peppered. Through a corn-field of dense and luxuriant growth—(ten feet or more in height, and twice as long as we plant it)—lay the course pointed out by an engineer, to what was considered a "one gun battery." We marched, or rather ran, in fronting the storm of balls, "by company into line;" you could not see three feet on any side, and the stalks were clipped and torn all around by a scythe of balls. One look I cast at my captain when he sprang into the corn, and when I saw him again, the death-rattle was in his throat.

Onward—spurred almost to madness by the fire, the thick growth, and the uncertainty—unconscious of his fate, on I rushed, with a man; and after falling headlong into a drain, from which I was jerked by the first sergeant, we at length cleared the corn!

Merciful heaven! we were fifty yards in front of a regular field-work—two salients and a curtain—containing at least three thousand infantry with the whole army in reserve, and seven guns in embrasure and barbette, keeping time to the continued roar of musketry. The rain of the night before had given it a silny parapet and a wet ditch; and as soon as we showed ourselves, we were a mark for a thousand muskets. "One gun battery!" indeed! my heart jumped into my throat. My company had evidently entered through the densest growth, and were in advance of the rest of the regiment, which had been organized by its able commander, in readiness to take advantage of a closer and more reasonable reconnaissance. This I learned afterwards.

"What shall we do, Lieutenant?" screamed the sergeant.

"Blaze away!" said I; temporizing in this answer; for I plainly saw that something else must be done.

He levelled his piece with deliberate aim, and discharged it into the blazing crest of the work, and was "ramming cartridge" for a second shot, when a convulsive leap, the blood pouring from his breast, and his gun rattling to the earth, told me he was shot through the heart! I caught him to support his fall, and while "laying him out," a second shot penetrated his brain. Ah! he was a doomed man; when he was buried, he had five wounds, and four were in vital parts!

"O—O—O! Gracious God! Help!" I looked around me in the direction of these doleful cries; to the right, to the left, behind, like autumn leaves in a gust, were falling the men who had "broken cover" with me. Dragging two of the wounded, we gained the shelter of an adobe wall a few yards to the left, which intercepted small shot, but which was riddled by cannon. "Victimized this time!" thought I; but my hope did not fail; and there, in momentary change of being torn to pieces, as the round shot ploughed through, we were

*The artillery regiments, with exceptional details for the service of cannon, were organized throughout the war as infantry, and served thus in all the battles.

joined by little Hoffman. He was a gallant little soldier, a soldier of birth and breeding, who had received an appointment to the regiment but a few months before.

"Let work, isn't it?" said he.

"Rather."

"I wish the members of Congress were here for about ten minutes, to deliberate on army pay—they'd give us fifteen dollars a day and found, don't you think so?"

"Any price to run for it," said I, "I'll be bound."

Poor little fellow! with the humorous smile upon his face, and the words scarcely through his parted lips, his throat and collar-bone were torn out by a cannon-ball, which came through the adobe, and like lightning he went to the earth. I looked at the scathed and ruined frame; I turned him over and over, and seeing that life was extinct, I said to my only remaining man—

"Perkins, you see that stone house?"

"Yes, sir."

And away we went, a little to the left and rear, between the walls, as the old woman escaped the rain. It was marvellously like a retreat!

There, to my great joy, I found a large portion of my regiment—and old Strang, who, I thought, yelled out, with his hands clasped very theatrically—

"Thank God! there's my officer. Oh! I thought you was kilt!"

Wax melts no more easily in the fire, than did men at Churubusco!

At length an entrance to the work, where the fire was slack, was found and forced by the third infantry and first artillery, and the "Convent of Churubusco" had fallen; it belonged that day to the church militant but not triumphant. Meanwhile, as all the world knows, Worth had carried the bridge-head, and the causeway to Mexico was swarming with the panic-stricken fugitives.

The yard of the convent, when we had time to contemplate it, presented one of those battle-scenes to which description is entirely inadequate. In one of the bastions an ammunition-box had blown up, and scattered the human frame atomically around; mules were lying with their entrails streaming out of large shot-holes; artillery horses, dressed with scarlet trimmings, were flying loose either at thither, with streaming manes and distended nostrils, snorting at the smoke and the noise; and the dead and dying were in every possible posture of agony. I gazed for a few moments, and my heart sank as I thought upon the misery caused by that battle: through the electric chain of ten thousand relationships, far and near, native and foreign, a shock of grief was passing—its effects no human heart can conceive.

Not long after I entered the yard, a scene occurred of singular interest.

"Is that you, Tom?" cried one of our men to a Mexican, with a leer like that of the Artful Dodger when they caught Oliver. "Is that you, ye—?"

"What in the world is he talking English to a Greaser for?" thought I.

What was my astonishment, when the person thus interrogated, hanging down his head, said in a low tone, "Yes"—and then baring his breast, he added, "Kill me, I want to die." He was a deserter from our regiment, and one of the celebrated *San Patricios*, who had done us more damage than all the rest of the Mexicans put together.

"No!" shouted an officer, in a voice of thunder; "don't you touch him: let him alone—we'll save him for something better."

"We'll hang you, you infernal dog!" chimed in another. "The him up to that tree!"—and in a few moments, Tom was bound fast with his back to the tree, saved from the death of battle for a darker fate. Ten days after, the army had the satisfaction of seeing him, among others, white-capped and dangling at San-Angel, expiating an inexpiable crime. Life is no recompense for the mortal sin of desertion; a foul and pestilent memory, even, cannot clear the score.

Once more the field was still. The echoes, tired of doing "double duty" that day, had gone to sleep—perhaps to have a nightmare!—and we were awary and sad.

The past—a soldier's past!—to what shall I liken it? To some vast and dimly-lit cathedral of the olden time, echoing through nave and transept, and from floor to groin, strange, scarce-remembered melodies, or now, discordant notes. Through the tall Gothic windows of richly-coloured glass, comes streaming in, a modulated, checkered light: the pleasant yellow and orange of early joy—of her I looked upon in childhood's love, and thought the earth was brighter for her presence, and hallowed by her step—of him, the playmate brother, and the hand-clasped friend; then, mingling in splendour, comes the blue and purple of grander reminiscences, telling of a noble and a priest in holy church—the judge—the soldier in his gala dress and nodding plumes—earth's crime and lawn and blue; and the streaming green of early hope, ambition, honour, love—all but content. But stay! upon the chancel, flooding altar and cross, in ruddy reflection from column and cornice, pours in a deep-red ray—crimson, blood-colour: alas! it has its memories too, vivid and clear, and grievous to be borne; and as I gaze upon its changing touches, the plaintive, searching tones of the "Kyrle Elision, Christe Eleison!"—Oh Lord, Oh Christ, have mercy!—come pealing in from the phantom gallery of that old cathedral of the heart! In that ray, upon that air, I seem to see and hear ye once again—ye who bore your soldiers' hearts so nobly forward upon the maddest wave of battle, and laid them down, in wreck and night, for your country's honour!

As ye nil' lying upon unplanned boards, stark and grim, that weary night, were Burke, and Capron, and Hoffman; not far off was the body of Johnston, and the handsome and gallant Irons was grappling with a mortal wound: five, in twenty-four hours, from our little regimental circle. They were gone!—young and lusty, proud and hoping, clever and bonn—they were gone! What was the field—what its glory and its laurels—what was Mexico, the city, the territory, the whole peninsula—what were they all worth, when weighed against those gallant hearts?

I threw my arms around the neck of a class-mate, and shed bitter, because unavailing tears. But the fountain was soon dried; pride and *meumque hunc* came to my relief, and I sat modestly gazing upon our dead, and "bitterly

thought of the morrow" that was to consign them to their warriors' rest. We cut a lock from each head, emptied the pockets and removed the rings and watches, and left them under a guard of honour until the morning.

And then, for the first time, I thought of myself. From the morning of the 18th to the night of the 20th, I had been almost without rest; my feet were cut and bruised by the rocks of the pedregal; I had been twice wet through, and, now that the excitement was over, I could scarcely move.

While in this state of depression, mental and physical, disinclined to speak or act, a pert little mustachio-twisted Mexican officer approached our party, and waving his hand with an air of great importance, accosted us by introducing himself—"Capitan—, *servidor de vus*"—"Captain So-and-so, your servant"—of which no one of us deigned to take the slightest notice.

"Quisiera saber," he continued, raising his voice, "to que se ha dispuesto tocante al abastecimiento de los prisioneros. Bien se sabe que no lo podemos pasar sin beber y comer."

"What does he say, Caspar?"

"He says," I answered, "that he wants to know what we are going to do about the prisoners' rations; and he adds," said I, "most impudently, as I think, that it is an axiom, that men must eat and drink."

"The d—! he does!" said another.

We had no rations ourselves; we were in the very sackcloth and ashes of our grief, and his errand and his manners were ill-timed to a degree. His flippancy and contempt would have amused us at any other time, as ebullitions of spleen and mortification at being a prisoner; but thinking upon our desolation, and feeling something of the hatred of Cain for the whole race, our first speaker rose, and taking out a pistol, said in a hissing tone, as he cocked it, "Look you, amigo, you cowardly young puppy, if you favour this party with any further observations on any subject whatsoever, I'll blow your brains out!"

He understood that English, if he never did any other; for he bowed himself precipitately into the back-ground, and whether he starved that night or not, I never heard. It is to be hoped he did.

I slept soundly in the convent-yard that night, and found out in the morning that it had rained in torrents. I left a perfect *intaglio* in the mud, and felt decidedly *valeroso* when I got to the smoky side of a blazing fire where Gen. Twiggs was drying himself.

Soldiers are great sinners, everybody says; but they do terrible penance, sometimes. Ye who have neither the temptation nor the hardship, drop a veil upon their faults and a tear upon their sufferings. H. C.

Toombs Against Johnston.

R. H. Toombs, a leading Georgia Whig, and one of the Union organization in that State, in a recent letter uses this language:

Though utterly defeated in this great conflict, the anti-slavery sentiment is yet a dangerous and formidable element in American politics.—Its acknowledged exponent is the Free Soil party, but it is also virulent and dangerous both in the Whig and Democratic parties at the North. The Whig party has succumbed to it, and it controls the organization of that party in every non-slaveholding State in the Union. It is thoroughly denationalized and sectionalized by it, and will never make another National contest. *The Whig party of the South will never meet the Searcys and Winthrop and Vintons and Johnstons and Baldwins of the North, in another National Convention. We are indebted to the defeat of the policy of these men for the existence of the government this day. We shall trust them no more.*

The Democratic party of the North, though prostrated, is not yet utterly destroyed by this same cause. The free soil element sways the party triumphant in Massachusetts, and to a very great extent throughout New England. It has annihilated it in New York, and controls it in Ohio. *But the majority of that party in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio are as yet unabdicated, and are still capable of a mighty effort for the Constitution and the Union.*

Whig Harmony.

The Savannah (Georgia) Republican, the leading Whig organ of that State, thus discourses in relation to the nominations made by the late Whig convention in this State. The editor fully comprehends the position of the two distinguished candidates:—

"Candor requires us to say to our northern brethren once for all, that they may nominate Gen. Scott, (and possibly elect him, though we doubt it,) but that no party at the south can take any part either in his nomination or election. Not one Southern State would cast its vote for him, except, perhaps Kentucky, and we hope she would not. Either Mr. Fillmore, Gen. Cass, Mr. Webster, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Douglas or Mr. Butler, would carry every other State against him. We need not say, Whigs as we have been and Constitution Union men as we now are, that we should rejoice at it. It may be replied, we know, that General Scott will abide by and enforce the compromise measures. But the fact that he comes forward under the auspices of Mr. Seward, of New York, and Gov. Johnston, of Pennsylvania—in neither of whom the south has one particle of confidence—is enough to damn him to utter defeat in this section of the confederacy. The south can never co-operate with a party in which such demagogues and malcontents are officiating priests. They both claim to be Union men, just as their co-laborers in this latitude do; and yet they lend all their influence to the stirring up of strife and revolution."

The Progress of the Cuban Revolution.

The accounts from Cuba are so confused and contradictory in reference to the late revolution, said to have commenced on the Island on the 4th of July last, that it is almost impossible to form any correct idea of its extent. The Cuban Government is endeavoring to make it appear that the outbreak is quite insignificant—that the Governor General has the men and means at his command to suppress it—that many of the prime movers have been taken and that any expedition from the United States to assist the Revolutionists will meet with defeat. The Patriots or Liberators state that the revolution is almost general throughout the Island—that they have defeated the government troops on several occasions—that the revolutionists are daily receiving accession to their numbers, and that sympathy and assistance from the United States are only necessary to render Cuba Free. The authorities state that most of the accounts published in the United States are sheer fabrications. The Patriots state them to be entirely correct. That there has been a demonstration there can be no doubt, but whether it is likely to assume so serious an aspect as to render the Island of Cuba free and independent of the government of Spain it will take some weeks, perhaps months yet, to determine. It is reported that Gen. Lopez has sailed from New Orleans to the relief or assistance of the Patriots, the news of which has been telegraphed to the Savannah News, as follows:

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 4, P. M.—Gen. Lopez sailed yesterday morning, at 5 o'clock, for Cuba, with two steamers and eight hundred men, well armed and equipped. The steamers are the Pampero and the Chinchorra. They were cleared regularly at the Custom House for the Island of Cuba.

The Spanish Consul immediately despatched a steamer to Havana to inform the Spanish Government of the departure of the steamers with Gen. Lopez.

Gen. Lopez is on board the Pampero. Thousands of citizens were on the wharf to witness his departure, who made the air resound with loud huzzas for Lopez and Cuban liberty.

There is great excitement in the city, and hundreds are arriving from the interior to join the patriots.

It is also stated that a party of three hundred and fifty men have left Mobile for Cuba. These reports are by some papers considered doubtful. If such statements be true the liberation of Cuba may not be far distant.

The New Orleans Picayune, of Aug. 18, has the following and states it may be relied on:

"The intelligence from Cuba grows better and better. There is no longer question of a wide and apparently concerted rising of the people of the Island against the Government. Not only are they gathering in arms at various and different points, but they meet the Royal troops, and have gained decided advantage in several encounters. And what is better still, there is good ground to believe that the soldiers sent against them are unwilling servitors in the cause of despotism, fight reluctantly, and in numerous instances have deserted to the popular side."

The New Orleans Delta says:

"The Cubans have struck the blow. They have risen in numbers sufficient to give their movement the dignity of a Revolution. They have not triumphed. We claim not the victory yet. But if they fail, their downfall will be our shame. The American people have scornfully called on them to commence the struggle, promising them succor and aid. They have entered upon the contest under such inducement, and our people must be impotent or faithless if they do not aid them to a glorious consummation. Under such circumstances we have no doubt of the issue. It is a mere question of time. Cuba must and will be free! Those who contribute to that great object will achieve names and immortality. Let our citizens, then, come forward with their purses, with their contributions of means, arms and munitions, and with strong arms and brave hearts, to help on the cause of Cuban Independence."

If the revolution is successful in the rest of the Island, it is believed that, with so strong a detachment of the troops in Havana in their favor, there will be no difficulty in effecting the capitulation of that city. The force of troops in Havana does not reach 5000, as the regiments are not all full, and 650 are reported on the sick list. The patriots have therefore determined to raise the country around, in which they will be aided by two squadrons of Rural Guards, and when their force is sufficiently strong and consolidated, they will march upon Havana. Eight hundred Creoles in that city have organized to go into the *Vuelta Abajo* to assist the movement there.

Gen. Lopez has certain information of the disaffection of the St. Leon regiment, stationed at Matanzas. This is the regiment which it was found impossible to get to march on Cardenas, when the expedition landed at that place last year. Puerto Principe, where the first declaration was made, had been deserted by all but women and children. Troops had been sent there, but they found no enemies to attack.

The patriots had all gone into the mountains. The old Spaniards, throughout the Island, including the Government officials, were very downcast.

The following late intelligence may also be considered as entitled to much weight:

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM CUBA.—*New Orleans*, Aug. 5.—An extra Picayune, issued to-day, published a letter from Havana, stating that the revolution had not been put down, and that the Patriots held their own. Trinidad, Cienfuegos and Villa Clara have sent out their bands, and banners were raised at Guinia Miranda on the 25th of July.

Women and Dancing.

The following humorous yarn was spun by Lever, the facetious author of Charles O'Malley. The Bloomers may take a hint from it, and partly on their account we give the extract a place:

"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr. Growling; "they are immensely fond of salutory motion. I remember once in my life I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and confided to me she had no stockings to appear in, and without them her presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint for you to buy the stockings," said Dick.

"No; you're out," said Growling. "She knew that I was as poor as herself; but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she formed for going to the ball in proper twig. Now what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Out again, sir—you'd never guess it, and only a woman could have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion on those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs!"

"Painting her legs!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sir," said the Doctor, "and she relied upon me for telling her if the cheat was successful."

"And was it?" asked Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom. I complied on one condition, namely—that I should be the painter."

"Oh, you old rascal!" said Dick.

"A capital bargain," said Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me gentlemen," said the doctor. "I got some rose pink, accordingly, and I defied all the hoisers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jenny; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?" inquired Durfy.

"So completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So, you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jenny! she is a merry minx—by the by, she boxed my ears that night for a joke, I made about the stockings. 'Jenny,' said I, 'for fear your stockings should fall down when you are dancing, hadst you better let me paint you a pair of garters on them?'"

As the chambermaid of a steamboat was leaving the ladies' cabin, an old lady requested her to shut the door, as she had caught such a bad cold at Detroit, she was nearly dead. At this moment, a very phisical old lady in a berth near the door, forbade the girl to shut it, on account of her shortness of breath. "Shut it or I'll die!" cried one. "Leave it open or I'll smother!" gasped the other. As the waxed warm a traveler in the next cabin became so annoyed by the dispute, that he thrust his head out of his berth, exclaiming—"In Heaven's name, open that door 'till the Detroit lady dies of her cold, and then close it till the other one smothers to death."

A deep sensation has been produced at Rome by the suicide of the keeper of Vatican Library, an aged prelate, Monsignor Molta.—This ecclesiastic held an office which is generally accompanied by the red hat, and had been for years a professor in the Roman University, pre-eminence above the rest for extensive acquirements. He was between sixty and seventy years old, and it would appear that perfect deliberation presided over the fatal act. He coolly wrote his reasons, which may be summed up in "disgust and discontent at the proceedings of the Papal court." A razor was the instrument of self-destruction.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person but I will bet five to one, that if you would bait a steel trap with a new three cent piece and place it within six inches from his mouth you would catch his soul. I wouldn't for a moment insinuate that he will steal, but may it please the court, gentlemen of the jury, I wouldn't trust him in a room with red hot millstones, and the Angel Gabriel to watch them."

LOLA MONTES.—This notorious woman is coming to this country with a ballet troupe.